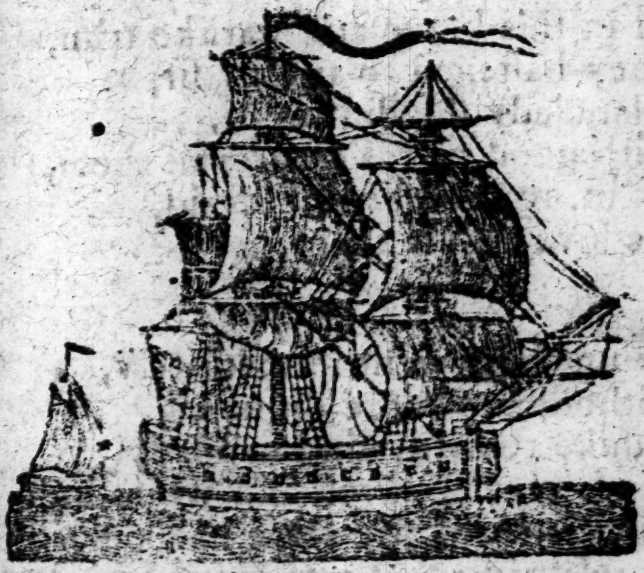
GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

1. Duke William's Ramble.
2. The Pitman's revenge against Buonaparte.
3. The Affectionate Soldier.



M. Angus & Son, Printers, Newcastle.

DUKE WILLIAM's RAMBLE.

DUKE William and a nobleman,
Heroes of England's nation,
Got up one morning by two o'clock,
To take a recreation.
Into the ſuburbs they did go,
In ſailors dreſs from top to toe,
Now ſays the Duke, we ſoon ſhall know,
What uſage there's for ſeamen.

Then in this brave and warlike trim,
They haſtened to an inn, ſir,
The landlady ſhe did begin,
With good words to prevail them,
Walk in my lads be not afraid,
We love a jolly ſailor,

They up ſtairs went immediately,
Without any more diſputing,
The duke reply'd, kind landlady,
Bring wine both red and white in,
Before the drank the wine half out,
A preſs-gang that was brave and ſtout,

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Did ſearch the lower rooms about
For warlike jolly ſeamen,

Up ſtairs the landlady did ſay,
If ſeamen you're a ſeeking,
There's one ſo fat, I dare be ſworn,
That you can ſcarcely ſhip him,
Ne'er mind my lads, th' lieutenant ſays,
But up ſtairs went immediately,
What ſhip brothers, they all did cry,
For we are jolly ſeamen.

We do belong to George ſays Will,
Say they, where's your protection,
We've none at all the Duke replies,
Don't caſt on us reflection,
Then the lieutenant he did ſay
Come brothers come along with me
On us you muſt not make a prey,
My warrant is for ſeamen.

They haul'd them to the tender then,
The captain he did meet them,
The Duke replied, kind Gentlemen,
Take care of all your ſhipping,
With that the captain he did ſwear,
I am your ſhipherd I declare,
I'll make you know your ſaucy air,
Go down amongſt the ſeamen.

O then the Noblemen did go down,
But the Duke he did refuſe it,
Which made the officers to frown,
And ſadly him abuſed,
Where muſt I lie, his highneſs ſaid,
Muſt I not have a feather bed,
You're fat enough, they all then ſaid,
Pig in amongſt the ſeamen.

O then his highneſs did go down,
Amongſt his comrade ſeamen,
Which made him ſtare to ſee the fare,
Of many a briſk young ſeamen,
Below he tore his trowſers o'er,
And he call'd for a taylor,
You ſaucy dog, the captain ſaid,
Here's none but jolly ſailors.

But for your ſauce you ſurely ſhall,
You muſt be flogg'd and ſhall ſir,
To the gang-way him they ſtraight convey,
To whip him like a dog ſir,
Then ſtrip, they cry'd, The Duke reply'd
I do not like your laws, ſir.
I ne'er ſhall be ſtript, for to be whipt,
So ſtrip me if you dare, ſir.
O then came down the boatſwain's mate,
The duke for to undreſs, ſir.

But quickly he did then eſpy
The ſtar upon his breaſt, ſir,
Then on their bended knees they fell,
Yea, and for mercy loud did call,
The Duke replies you're villains all,
For uſing thus poor ſeamen.

No wonder why my father he,
Can't well man all his ſhipping,
'Tis by your baſely uſing them,
And them always a whipping;
But for the future ſailors all
Shall have good uſage great and ſmall,
They heard the news together all,
And cry'd, God ſave Duke William.

Now he commands all officers,
That ſtand in need of wealth, ſir,
And gave his jovial crew ſome gold,
That they might drink his health, ſir,
And when that he did go away,
The ſailors with a loud huzza,
Said heaven bleſs the happy day,
Wherein they preſt DUKE WILLIAM.

The Pitman's Revenge againſt Buonaparte.

HAE ye heard o' theſe wondrous dons,
That makes this mighty fus, man,

About invading Britons land,
I vow they are wondrous ſpruce man;
But little do the Frenchmen ken,
About our loyal Engliſhmen,
Our collier lads are for cockades,
And guns to ſhout the French man.
Toll loll de roll de roll de roll

Then to parade the pitmen went,
Wi' hearts both ſtout and ſtrong man,
Gad ſmaſh the French we are ſo ſtrang;
We'll ſhoot them every one, man;
Gad ſmaſh me ſark if I would ſtick
To tumble them a' down the pit,
As faſt as I cou'd thra' a coal,
I'd tumble them a' down the hole,
And cloſe her in a boon man.
Toll loll de roll de roll.

Heads up, ſays one ye ſilly ſow,
You dinna mind the word man;
Eyes right, ſays Tom, and wi' a dam,
And march off at the wordman:
Did ever mortals ſee ſuch brutes,
To order me to lift my knutes?
Ad ſmaſh the fool he ſtands and talks,
How can he learn me to walk,
That's walk'd this forty year, man;
Toll loll de roll de roll.

But ſhould the Frenchmen ſhow their face,
Upon our waggon ways, man,

Then there upon the road you know,
We'd make them end their days, man;
Ay Bonaparte's fell I'd take,
And throw him in the burning heap,
And with great ſpeed I'd roaſt him deed;
His marrows then I wad nae heed,
We'd pick out a' their een, man.
Toll loll de roll de roll.

Says Willy Dun to loyal Tom,
Your words are all a joke, man,
For Geordy winna hae your help,
Yer ſic kamſtarie fowk, man;
Then willy lad we'll reſt in peace,
In hopes that a' the wars may ceaſe;
But I's gie ye, Wull, to underſtand
As lang as I can weild my hand,
There's nane but George ſhall reign, man.
Toll loll de roll de roll.

Enough of this has ſhure been ſaid,
Cry'd Cowardly Willy Dun man,
For ſhould the Frenchmen come this way,
We'd be ready for to run man,
Gad ſmaſh you for a fool, ſays Tom,
For if I could not uſe my gun,
I'd take my pick, I'd hew them down,
And run and cry through a' the town,
God ſave great George our king, man.
Toll loll de roll de roll.

The Affectionate Soldier.

'TWAS in the evening of a wint'ry day,
When ſafe returning from a long campaign;
Allen o'ertoil'd and weary with his way,
Came home to ſee his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he careleſsly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes,
But ſhe receiv'd him with a modeſt frown,
She knew not Allen in his rough diſguiſe.

His hair was knotted and his beard unſhorn,
His tatter'd coutrements about him hung,
A tear of pleaſure did his cheeks adorn.
And bleſſings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I ſo alter'd with this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot,
Or has your heart unto ſome other ſtray'd,
Ah! why did I eſcape the fatal ſhot?

When thus he ſpoke, her wonted colour fled,
She ran and ſank into her Allen's breaſt,
All pale, awhile ſhe look'd like one that's dead:
He kiſs d, ſhe breath'd, and all her love confeſs'd.

Yes, my delight, tho' alter'd as thou art,
Reduc'd by honeſt courage to this ſtrait,
Thou art the golden treaſure of my heart,
My long loſt huſband and my wiſh'd for mate.

FINIS.

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